

# THE MISSIONARY HELPER

"Teach us to learn, and not get tired of learning,  
For Thou dost need clever men to do Thy work.  
Teach us to play, and not get tired of playing,  
For Thou dost need happy men to do Thy work.  
Teach us to do, and not get tired of doing,  
For Thou dost need working men to do Thy work.  
Teach us to love, and not get tired of loving,  
For Thou dost need strong men to do Thy work.  
Teach us to pray, and not get tired of praying,  
For Thou dost need praying men to do Thy work."

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# The Missionary Helper

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# The Missionary Helper

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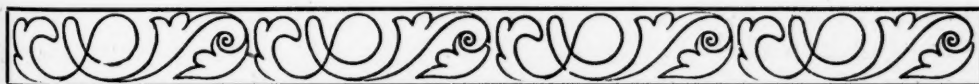
No. 3

## The Seller of Spices

**I**N a narrow street in the Holy City in the days of long ago lived old Tobiah, apothecary and seller of spices. Morning by morning while the dew sparkled on the grass and gathered in the tiny cups of the lilies, Tobiah roamed over Olivet in search of rare herbs and choice flowers. And day by day he went through the city crying, "Buy sweet herbs and fragrant spices, buy today, God sends them, I gather them, buy of me." Into the street at the sound of his call bounded Judith and Reuben, merry-hearted children of Miriam—wife of Ezra the shepherd. After Tobiah they ran, and into their hands he thrust bundles of spices, and upon their garments his perfumes he sprinkled. Tobiah loved children. At mid-day homeward the children wandered, radiantly happy. "Guess where we have been, mother, guess where we have been." "Ah, children," said Miriam, as the scent of the spices reached her, "so you have been with Tobiah again!" And then the wise Miriam added, "And quite right, my jewels; if you wish to be fragrant keep near the seller of spices." . . . . .

Our deeds and our words reveal with whom we have been. And is it not wonderful to think that every lovely thing in our life—our truthfulness, our kindness, our cheerfulness, our love of right—may tell others that we, no matter how little or how lowly we may be, have been close to Jesus, just as the perfume of the spices told Miriam that the children had been with Tobiah the seller of spices?

—Herbert S. Seekings, in *The Expository Times*.



**FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK**

What is our outlook, and what our uplook? The answer reveals much, placing us in groups almost as distinct as those made by the castes of India, while having nothing to do with wealth or social position or special culture. We know men and women without any of these who have the world outlook and the heavenly uplook; who are "of good cheer" even in the midst of "tribulation," because they see far and high, and are unafraid of ultimate issues. Are we looking beyond our own door yard, or our nation's, or even that of the world, or higher than our own roof-tree? Not that door yards are not useful, or roof-trees dear, but they are not the entire view. The man who reads only of war, atrocities, conflagration, rampant militarism, sees the overthrow of Christianity, the destruction of altruistic ideals, the hopelessness of the future, and characterizes the faith of the Christian as weak optimism. One who has never experienced the joy of the "spirit-filled life," looks upon it with apathy or as the experience of a dreamer. The missionary worker, keeping in close touch with the splendid conquests of Peace in every land; seeing the transformed lives and abiding faithfulness, even unto death, of native Christians, must have wide horizons and robust faith. Mission study enlarges the outlook and uplook in a marvelous degree, and is especially worth while in these days of stress. . . . This month we are studying China. *The Missionary Review of the World* for February has a notable article on "China: The Coming Power." "To What Has The King Called Us?" is an inspirational article in *The Association Monthly*. "We who are living today," declares the writer, "are in the midst of utterly unprecedented and challenging opportunities." She recalls the conference of the World's Student Christian Federation, three years ago, when Christian students from forty different nations met together at Lake Mohonk, and one of the wisest and sanest leaders in China said, after telling how thousands of the leaders and students of China had poured into Christian meetings and Bible classes, "We who are in China today know that we are seeing miracles greater than all those in the Old Testament put together, greater than all those in the New Testament save the birth and resurrection of our Lord." She adds, "The same man who told us of the opportunities in China then says that those of today are far greater and more compelling." . . . The study book for the coming year is "World Missions and World Peace," by Caroline Atwater Mason.

All who have not read "The King's Highway" are urged to do so now, as it is a very important book in the series. It can still be obtained of Mrs. Chapman. . . . We are very glad to hear that the members of our Prayer League are adopting *special* missionaries and workers, as well as faithfully following the general topics for united prayer. Will you pray this month for China's special needs, as suggested by our study; for our schools in India; for that much needed building at Storer; for the health of our workers at home and abroad; for those who are ill or in sorrow; for our approaching Thank Offering, that it may be a spiritual blessing and material help? . . . Miss Waterman, who wrote the Thank Offering Call, is preparing a new Responsive Service. Will you not honor those blessed mite boxes as never before? . . . Our dear Sunshine Lady, Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, of Brooklyn, successfully underwent an operation, January 28th. The latest report was of continued improvement. She sent her love to her large family of sunshine friends. They in turn, will enfold her in love and prayers. . . . Dr. A. W. Anthony, Lewiston, Maine, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the General Conference of Free Baptists, submitted to an operation for appendicitis, February 15th. His many comrades in work will rejoice to know that the operation was successful and that he is gaining. Dr. Anthony, always faithful and prompt in answering the editor's requests for notes or information, dictated the following expression of opinion for this number of the HELPER, a few hours before he went to the hospital: "Storer College, in my opinion, deserves support from all well-wishers of the negro race, as much today as ever. And its future, in my opinion, was never so bright for a large and increasing usefulness." . . . We grieve with our beloved fellow-worker, Mrs. S. C. G. Avery, over the sudden death of her husband, Rev. N. A. Avery, Ashland, N. H.; and with another member of our National Board of Managers, Mrs. Clara E. Doe of Mass., because of the death of her sister, Miss Etta Costellow, at Howrah, India, who went to the foreign field in 1896. Another rare and radiant spirit has recently passed on, Mrs. Lucy T. Wilson, editor of the woman's missionary page of *Zion's Advocate* and author of the suggestive story in this HELPER. She was a constant reader of our little magazine and sent many a kind word to the editor. . . . Let us close with a happy note of congratulation to Mrs. Louise Wood Brackett who, completing fifty years of active service in the home mission field, is still teaching with zeal and efficiency, and has keen personal interest in study and travel and new activities. She has outlook and uplook!

## THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

How many women know the story of this wonderful statue which stands 14,000 feet above the sea on the boundary line between Chili and the Argentine Republic? At the close of seventy years of war the people of these two countries made a compact of peace. The women of Buenos Ayres, who had known much of the horror and suffering of war, determined that this peace should be commemorated by a great statue of Christ. Senora de Costa, President of the Christian Mothers' Association of Buenos Ayres, collected the money and the statue was made from the old cannon which had served for so many years in their work of murder. A year later the statue was placed in its position. We quote from the leaflet of the American Peace Society the account of its erection:

"On May 21, 1903, the Chilean representatives, bearing the treaties for final ratification, came by sea to Buenos Ayres. They were met down the river and escorted to the city by a large fleet of gaily decked steamers. For a week there was a round of festivities. When the treaties were finally signed on the 28th of May, Senora de Costa invited all the dignitaries present—cabinet officials, foreign ministers, bishops, newspaper men, generals, admirals, etc.—to inspect the statue of Christ in the courtyard of the college, and standing at its foot with the distinguished audience about her she pleaded that it might be placed on the highest accessible point of the Andes between the two countries.

"It was not till in February, 1904, that the final steps were taken for its erection. It was carried by rail in huge crates from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, then on gun carriages up the mountains, the soldiers and sailors themselves taking the ropes in critical places, where there was danger of the mules stumbling. Hundreds of persons had come up the night before and encamped on the ground to be present at the ceremony. The Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile and the Chileans on the Argentine side. There was music and the booming of guns, whose echoes resounded through the mountains. The moment of unveiling, after the parts had been placed in position, was one of solemn silence. The statue was then dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson of peace and goodwill. The ceremonies of the day, March 13, 1904, were closed, as the sun went down, with a prayer that love and kindness might penetrate the hearts of men everywhere.

"The base of the statue is in granite. On this is a granite sphere,

weighing some fourteen tons, in which the outlines of the world are sketched, resting upon a granite column twenty-two feet high. The



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#### THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

expressed in its consummation, and the sublime prophecy of peace for the future which it gives not only for Chile and Argentina, but for the whole world, the erection of the Christ of the Andes stands without parallel among the events of recent years."

figure of Christ above, in bronze, is twenty-six feet in height. The cross supported in his left hand is five feet higher. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one of them given by the Workingmen's Union of Buenos Ayres, the other by the Working Women. One of them gives the record of the creation and erection of the statue; on the other are inscribed the words:

"'Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.'"

"It is not easy to compare events and say which is the greatest. But taking it all in all, the long quarrel of seventy years which is closed, the arbitration of the boundary dispute, the general treaty of arbitration and the practical disarmament which preceded it, the remarkable transformation of public opinion



## TWENTY-SIXTH THANK OFFERING CALL

For a quarter of a century has our annual call gone out through our beloved HELPER to loyal Free Baptist women everywhere, to observe a special day of thanksgiving and to make a material offering for the work of our society. Those in whose hearts the plan originated had in mind two things: that for special blessings it was fitting to express special thanks in a practical way—by money to increase our resources; that by considering and naming our many causes for gratitude, our own souls would be enlarged for both enjoyment and service. To realize both these results the best preparation for our yearly Thank Offering service is the use of the little boxes throughout the year. Is it not true that our offering amounts to more if made up of the *jingling mites*, dropped in from day to day for definite causes, than when at the last minute, we lump our gratitude in one unmusical bill? By the use of the box, too, the spirit of thankfulness becomes constant and cumulative, and we come up to the glad May meeting with hearts prepared to receive the greatest amount of uplift from the service.

As we glance back over the year, each as an individual must see countless reasons for thanksgiving,—special deliverances from great distresses, special messages of hope and cheer, sometimes from most unexpected sources, and a growing consciousness that

"Doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid  
By some unseen hand, but by His will,"

and to the Lord let us render thanks.

To our society the year has been full of blessings. We are grateful for the continued comradeship of wise and consecrated officers; for the memory of those whose hands rest from their earthly labors but whose gracious influence and example still inspire us to like loyalty and service. How thankful we are that in our India field, in the midst of pestilence and famine, the lives and health of our missionaries and native workers have been preserved; that tried and true workers have returned to their loved work; that our new recruits are so rapidly gaining a working use of the language and are already rendering helpful and happy service; that so many capable and consecrated native workers are rising to the help of our missionaries, and that years of patient seed sowing are coming to fruitage in so many lives.

In our home field, too, there are abundant reasons for giving thanks. At Harper's Ferry higher standards of life and scholarship are gaining ground, more graduates are going each year to higher institutions, more trained leaders are spreading throughout the colored race the ideals set for them by our enthusiastic and devoted teachers at Storer. How should we know all this but for our MISSIONARY HELPER. Our thankfulness for *that* can hardly be expressed,—that we still have it, bringing us just the news that we long for from "Our Own"; that new subscribers resulted from the October campaign; that in these days of many changes, *it* remains unchanged, an inspiration and conserving power in our midst.

Though for still another weary year the carnage of war has appalled the civilized world, and we cry, "O, Lord how long?" yet, a glance at world conditions shows many causes for gratitude. The war, relentless though it be, is opening doors hitherto closed; the triumphant faith of the persecuted Christians in Armenia is a lesson and a challenge to all peoples; great progress has been made towards religious liberty in China; there has been a quick and generous response to the needs of suffering humanity. The wonderful results of Prohibition in Russia, 19 "dry" states in our Union, a growing sentiment towards National Prohibition—surely call for giving of thanks. Owing to the war, the *commercial trade* in Bibles is from forty to fifty per cent. in excess of any previous year. France and Russia have taken to buying Bibles.—"My word shall not return unto me void."

In a notable address before the Federal Council of Churches, our President recently affirmed his belief in the teachings of Christ as adequate to the solution of national and international problems. A celebrated French dramatist, hitherto an atheist, has recently in a most remarkable letter to his countrymen, besought them to study and practice the principles of the gospel as the only cure for their national and personal woes, and the only sure foundation for an enduring government. Truly men are beginning to "yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness and own that life to be highest and best which is a conscious, voluntary self-sacrifice." For all these signs of the Coming of the Kingdom, let us give heartfelt thanks.

NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB,  
IDA L. STILLMAN,  
JESSIE L. WATERMAN,  
Thank Offering Committee.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—A special program and other helps for our Twenty-Sixth Thank Offering service will appear in the April HELPER. All who have not used the exercise, "What the Thank Offering Means to Us," are urged to do so now. This exercise, as well as responsive readings, stories, poems and the *mite boxes*, for auxiliaries and Junior societies may be obtained of Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine. The Cradle Roll mite boxes are furnished by Mrs. Laura E. Hartley, 7 Woodman St., Rochester, N. H. Plan for the children to have an offering of their own.

Have a public service in the church, whenever possible, even if there be no auxiliary. If you are an individual worker or a "shut-in," can you not have a little service all by yourself, some Sunday in May, with your mite box opening and a prayer for the work? Send all gifts through the usual channels, or directly to our national treasurer, Miss Edyth R. Porter, 47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass., from whom the Thank Offering invitations and envelopes may be freely obtained on application.

While the Thank Offering is a *special*, free will gift, not a "tenth," payment of dues or membership fee, it will be counted on your State apportionment; and each twenty dollars given as a Thank Offering carries with it the privilege of making a new life membership. If less than twenty dollars, it can be applied for this purpose, the required amount being completed later.—*Committee*.

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#### OUR MITE BOXES.

To-day is the day to make good resolutions,  
Each day is a day to begin life anew.  
Let all be resolved that henceforth and forever,  
Our little mite boxes shall be in full view.

We'll save here a dime and we'll save there a penny;  
For our sisters afar we'll remember to pray;  
And not only that, but our little mite boxes  
Shall be filled to the brim for our meeting in May.

—Adapted from verses in *The Woman's Missionary Friend*.

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LATEST.—A letter, dated Jan. 15, is just received, announcing the safe arrival in India of Miss Coombs and Miss Barnes. Doxology!



## A NOTABLE SEMI-CENTENNIAL

By HENRY T. McDONALD, President of Storer College.

Fifty years ago the holidays just passed, Mrs. Louise Ward Brackett came from her city home in Maine, where were all of the comforts and culture of the day, to Harper's Ferry, then a veritable educational outpost. The War had swept from the old town every vestige of prosperity; it had left in its ruins battered buildings, a paralyzed industrial center, with its consequent pressing needs, and there were there also, in much crowded quarters, those to whose eyes had just come the first glimmerings of a real freedom. The government buildings were in ruins. And this applied not only to the armory and arsenal buildings but to many of the homes which had once housed those in place and authority. The blast of war had carried away every tree, save one, from the government residences; the furrows of shot and shell were everywhere, and the trenches and drill grounds and graves of brave men were on every hand.

Bitterness there was, and that bitterness was not lessened by the want of those who once had known and enjoyed better things. Race antagonism was acute. A people who had for generations known the mass of the colored people only as slaves, could not accept, at once and unmoved, the presence of those who had been their servers in a new capacity that looked toward a condition which would place books and larger opportunities in their hands. The fruitage of a legitimate war was an all too frequent conflict between whites and blacks that did not stop with words. It took a stout heart for any young woman to tempt such a fate as the above conditions could readily assure—a fate that would be seamy and filled with enough that would call for the masterful qualities of enduring patience and faith-filled waiting for the dawn of a new era.

But into such conditions Mrs. Brackett, a bride, came. Hers was the clear outlook and unfaltering purpose which a new and larger life always gives, and the joy that then was hers at the thought of being able to direct, uplift and make glad, has continued through the lengthening years in unabated measure.

When one thinks of the changes she has seen in the people she has unfalteringly worked to help, how marvelous it all is. Absolute poverty has been supplanted by a considerable wealth; unlettered ignorance has given place to those numbered by thousands who can give a good account of themselves in matters literary; burdensome laws threatening dire pun-

ishment on the learner and the teacher have withered, and in their stead free schools, colleges and seminaries in respectable number stud the land; human property has changed to humanity; slave chains have been transmuted into the golden chains of a reunited nation; the cry wrung from the hearts of those whose homes had been despoiled, has been changed to a song of family thanksgiving; the prayer in some dimmed cabin, for the light that fadeth not has been fulfilled in a larger and better Christianity. Storer College, into which her life has been inseparably wrought, has grown from a brave hope into a strong, fruitful reality. Its original assets, the firm determination and mighty prayers of the founders, have been answered in an accumulation of things material worth not far from a quarter of a million dollars.

And through all the years of home making, family rearing, sending forth of children, death of honored husband, there has ever been present with her the cheer and sunshine that crown and make radiant a life true and steadfast to an ideal that has called for self-effacement and the magnifying of the cause of those less able to work out their own destiny. Surely we, in grateful appreciation, may halt a moment and say as was said of old, "What Hath God Wrought."

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### STORER COLLEGE NOTES

This is the month [February] of contests and preparation for contests. On Lincoln's Birthday occurs the Cornforth Contest, in which both boys and girls engage. The declamations used are taken from the Bible, and so there is a considerable amount of Scripture committed to memory, that would never be committed, were it not for this contest. Then follow the preliminary contests to choose the team of two girls and two boys who shall compete with Morgan College, Baltimore, in March. In four contests with Morgan, we have won three times. At the same time the boys are working up their debates, preliminary to the triangular debate with Bluefield Institute and Christiansburg Institute. This month witnesses the social function given by the young men annually on Washington's Birthday. A Senior and Junior Class play will be sandwiched in between times. Over all of these things, members of the faculty exercise a personal supervision, so it can be understood that all are busy.

Some rather important changes are being made in the class rooms. The class room in the DeWolfe Building occupied by the classes in Agri-

culture has been vacated by them, and is now being changed and fitted up as a demonstration dining room for the use of the Cookery Classes of Mrs. Newcomer. HELPER readers will be gratified to know that we have been able to obtain quite a considerable outfit for that room, and that this will very materially improve the opportunity for doing good work.

With some hesitation there was begun work in manicuring and hair-dressing last spring. It proved to be unexpectedly popular with the girls. Now a suite of rooms in the Robinson House, purchased last spring, has



Hubert Allemby of Barbados, Isabelle Street and Waughneta Lewis. Hubert won first and Miss Street special mention in the declamatory contest with Morgan College. All have made very good records for themselves at Storer.

been fitted up in very modern fashion and used as parlors for teaching the courses needful to make the young women proficient in the above mentioned work. For colored young women these courses offer opportunities for remunerative employment, in which the question of color does not enter. And so Storer is doing a sort of pioneer work of this kind in the State of West Virginia. There is no doubt but that these courses will increase in popularity. There are those who wish to enter to do this special work, and that is a question which will need to be settled soon.

If I speak of Agriculture, the mind of the average reader will think that refers to boys only. But not so. The State requires that each

teacher shall have a minimum amount of work in the subject, so we require the girls to take the course offered. The agriculture room has been newly fitted up. We have been adding to the farm equipment this year quite materially, about \$500 having been expended for farm implements and tools, so that we can do better work of this kind than ever before. We have come into possession of a large barn, since the last Storer number of the HELPER appeared, and we have bought about four acres of very much needed land for pasture. This brings me to an appeal which in a more personal way has already gone to some of our friends. There is only one more parcel of land of any size adjacent to our present holdings, which will ever be for sale. That can now be purchased. The tract is a little over four acres in extent. It communicates directly with the small pasture we now have, and if purchased, will meet a very sore need we have for more farm land. This is one of the small needs of the school, but vitally imperative. I feel certain that there are those who will want to give toward the purchase of this ground. Possibly some one will want to contribute all of the needed amount, which is \$300.

All the time, let us not forget the need—and it does not grow less—for the building in which shall be centered all the special work for the women students. I mean the Domestic Arts and Science Hall, of which HELPER readers have heard before. We need \$20,000 in addition to the five thousand in hand for that purpose. Who wants to supply this need?

HENRY T. McDONALD.

*Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.*

### IN MEMORIAM

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."  
"Even death is but the unfolding  
Of spirit in heavenward flight."

Miss Etta Costellow, Howrah, India, November 8, 1915.

Mrs. Henrietta Maxwell, Onsted, Michigan, January 20, 1916.

Mrs. Julia A. Reed, Onsted, Michigan, February 1, 1916.

Mrs. Elizabeth O. Hines, Meredith, N. H., December 7, 1915.

Mrs. Cora Cram, Merideth, N. H., February 9, 1916.

Miss Sarah Alice Wakefield, Lewiston, Maine, February 8, 1916.

**NOTE**—When a member of an Auxiliary passes on, it is fitting that the name, place of residence and date of death should appear under "In Memoriam." Resolutions and obituaries are not printed in THE HELPER.



## "HEAPIN' UP THE LORD'S MEASURE"

By MRS. LUCY T. WILSON.

*A Monologue by Sister Lucinda.*

Good mornin', Mis' Whitcomb! You look middlin' comf'able an' I hope you're feelin' as well's you look. Well, I'm mighty glad to hear you say so. But, oh dear suz, how we all wish't you could be real well again so's to be 'round as you used to be! We miss you more'n I can say.

You wish you could be more useful? Land's sake alive, Miss Whitcomb! I guess you don't sense how useful you be, even if you be shut in. It does beat all to see how much you do settin' in that wheel-chair, day in and day out! An' you're so cheerful 'bout it, too! Why, only the other day, Mis' Maitland, she that's had so much trouble lately, sez she, "It does me a sight of good jest to see Mis' Whitcomb's face at the window when I pass her house. There she is, sufferin' most of the time, an' yet she always has a bright smile for me which makes me feel ashamed to go 'round with a long face complainin' 'bout my own trials. It makes me feel better the rest of the day."

And there's a lot of other things you do, Mis' Whitcomb, that's real helpful. You dunno how we all listen to your responses when your name is read at the roll call. They're just beautiful! An' those boxes of picters and clippings about different mission fields; what a help they be to our program committee! An' how int'restin' they make our meetin's!

Miss Perley, you know she's the sup'rintendent of our Sunday school primary department, an' what with her sick mother an' housework is awful busy, she sez to me only last week, "I declare I don't see how I could give my little folks any missionary trainin' at all, if 'twasn't fer that blessed Mis' Whitcomb! She mounts pictures on bright colored cat-tridge—I guess that's what she called it—paper, an' strings 'em together with narrer ribbon to make banners, and sech like, an' the children are so pleased with 'em!"

No, Mis' Whitcomb, you can't make out any kind of a case 'bout you're not bein' useful. Why, you do a mighty sight more fer our church than some I could mention that's got their health and strength.

But here I am, as usual, runnin' on and 'most forgittin' what I came to tell you 'bout, the annual meetin' we wimmen folks had in the church yest'day afternoon. I knew you'd want to hear about it. Well, there was a hull lot of wimmen there an' it was a good, rousin' time, I can tell you.

First, we had a season of prayer, and 'bout ev'ry one took part. It was real upliftin'. Then the roll was called an' we answered to our names by repeatin' or readin' somethin' from a book writ by a missionary who works 'mong the Injuns—Miss Isabel Crawford. I tell you, 'twas great! Some of the pieces would make you cry, an' others would make you laff. There wuz one that told 'bout an Injun thankin' the Lord that Miss Crawford's mother let her go to 'em to tell 'em 'bout the "Jesus Road," he called it. 'Twas real affectin'.

Next there was reports of what we done the past year, an' when 'twas told us that we done a hull lot better'n we ever done before, Mis' Appleby, she wuz presidin', said we'd oughter sing the doxology. An' we sung it good an' strong. Some of our wimmen get off the pitch dredfully, but we didn't care this time.

Then we 'lected our officers, an' of course we put Mis' Appleby in fer president agin. She laffed an' sez, sez she, "Well, I give you fair warnin'! If you insist on my bein' president, look out for a great big measure that I shall give you to fill up this year!"

And Mis' Jonas Emmons, she 'twas Mary Ann Lapham, you know, she sez, sez she, "Bring on your measure, Mis' Appleby, an' we'll fill it right up, and have it heaped up, too!" An' you'd oughter to've seen Mis' Medory Atkins, she that's president of the Wimmen's Littery club, turn 'round and glare at Mis' Emmons for talkin' right out in meetin' that on-dignified way. Well, mebbe 'twant jest what you'd call parlyment'ry, but 'tenny rate we all felt roused right up to do jest what Mis' Emmons had said in that off-hand way of hers.

An' then Mis' Appleby riz up from her chair an sez, sez she, "It's cur'us, ladies, that Mis' Emmons has brought before us jest the idee I had in mind as a basis for a little talk with you this afternoon. I wuz goin' to propose to you that we give the Lord not only a full measure of missionary fruit this year, but one that's rounded up. But I'm goin' to use Mis' Emmons' word 'heapin'.' Somehow, it seems to mean more.

"You all know when we buy a box of berries, we are more likely to be pleased if it's heapin' full instead of level full. Now, why not please the Lord by givin' Him heapin' full boxes or measures of missionary fruit?"

An' then Mis' Appleby went on suthin' like this—I can't say it nice and graceful as she did, but mebbe you'll get the idee—"Of course," sez she, "we're all plannin' to raise our apportionments for state, home and

furrin missions, an' that will make our measures jest level full. But that's only doin' what we've been asked to do, and I don't b'lieve there's a woman here who doesn't want to see them measures heaped up.

"Now there's sev'ral ways to do this. We can make thank-offerin's; we can give in mem'ry of dear ones who've gone on before; we can make special gifts to special objects, an' so on.

"But I want to put before you a plan which ain't been used at all, that I know of. Let me explain. Did you notice in the reports our treasurer gave this afternoon that the sum contributed to State missions ended with 61 cents; that to home missions, 86 cents; and the furrin missions, 54 cents?

"Now, p'raps you'll think it's cur'us but I always hate to give the Lord what I call odd sums, an' I always make 'em up to fives or tens. For example, I would make the 61 cents, 65; the 86 cents, 90; and the 54 cents, 60 cents.

"This, to me, points to one of the ways by which we can heap up the Lord's measure. Whenever we send our quarterly payments to the Rooms, we can make up these odd cents in the same way. S'pose its \$25.61 for furrin missions, \$25.61 fer home, and \$20.86 fer State missions. Let's instruct our treasurer to send \$25.65 to home and furrin missions each, and \$20.90 to State missions. In this way, we help to heap up our Lord's missionary measure, you see.

"Nat'rally you'll ask how the treasurer of our Circle is to get the extra money for this purpose. As you all know, we take collections for current expenses at our reg'lar monthly meetings. Why not take what is necessary from this fund? I earnestly hope that a vote to that effect will be carried this very afternoon."

When Mis' Appleby sat down you'd orter heard us clap our hands! An' it wan't long before there wuz half a dozen wimmen standin' up ready to make the moshun Mis' Appleby had put up to 'em. It didn't take more'n a minnit to do the hull thing up good and brown.

And then Mis' Appleby riz up ag'in, an' thanked us in that pretty way of her'n. An' she sez, sez she, "I'm sure you'll never be sorry for this little step you've taken to show that you're willin' to give the Lord good measure." An' then she smiled real sweet at us and sez, sez she, "I don't believe it'll be very long before we shall be makin' up them offerin's by dollars instead of cents, and so lettin' the Lord's measure run over a

little bit. How pleased He'd be! An' I wouldn't be at all s'prised if as pers'nal givers we made up our extra offerin's the same way."

Well, Mis' Whitcomb, I only wish you could have been at that meetin'! It was the inspirin'ist one I ever went to. An' if all our church circles would do as we agreed to yest'day afternoon, there wouldn't be no deficit; the boards wouldn't have to borrow no money to pay our missionaries' salaries; and they could start up a lot of new work.

I hope I ain't talked so much an' so fast that I've tired you all out, Mis' Whitcomb. Well, I'm awful glad you've enjoyed it. An' now I must go home an' get dinner. Good-bye!—*Zion's Advocate*.

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### A BARGAIN!

The Bureau of Missionary Intelligence offers a bargain to auxiliaries! A limited number of copies of "The King's Business," paper cover, is offered for *Ten Cents* per copy, while the stock lasts. It is an excellent reference book for auxiliaries, giving a clear and concise understanding of the organization, business methods, economy and efficiency, stewardship and federation of the work of women's boards; also, of the hidden springs of prayer.

The book contains an excellent set of charts, well illustrating the different phases of mission work. Each auxiliary should have at least one copy. Order at once!

Does your auxiliary use Mite Boxes? If not, *why* not. Is your individual mite box worn out by long-time use and many thank offerings? If so, send at once to the Bureau. They are furnished free for postage, which is only 3 cents a dozen.

Address Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine.

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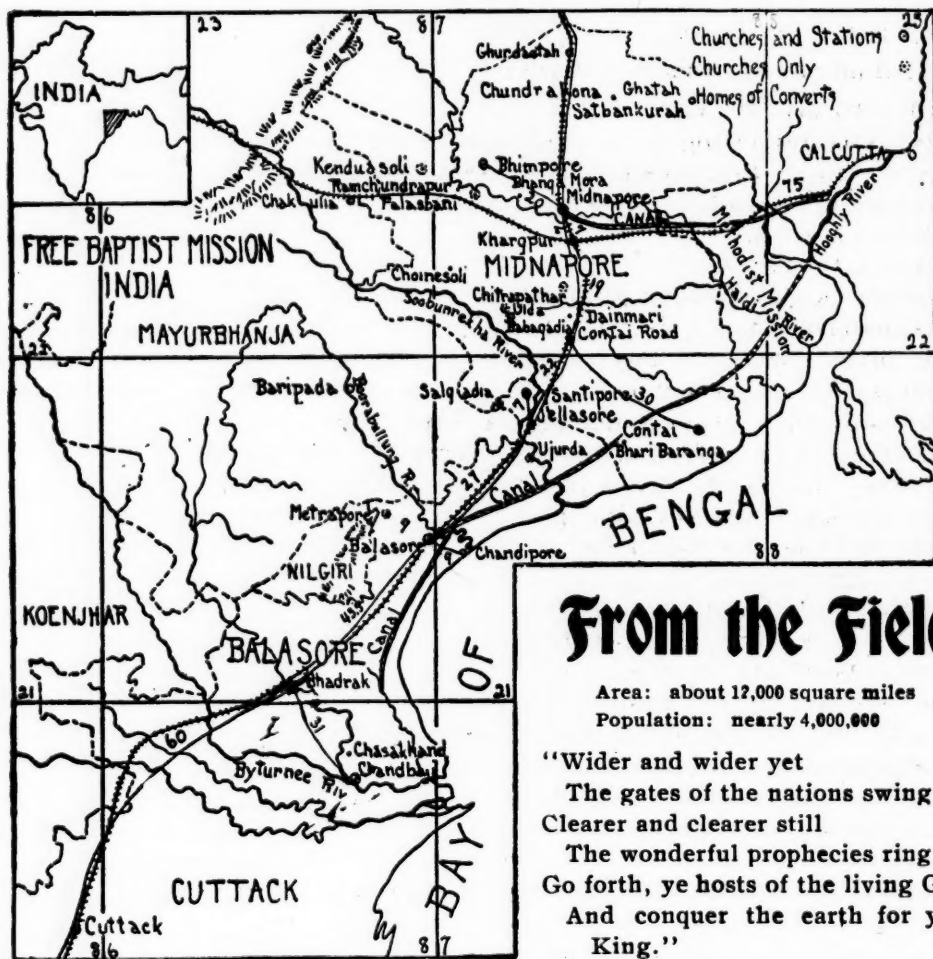
There are possibilities of service of eternal value in China to-day, of a magnitude such as Christian people have not faced since the days of the Reformation, or even since the first century of the Christian era. . . . China has no greater need than that Christian people of other lands should realize her present crisis and rise to meet the opportunities of service which it affords, before they are gone, not to return.—*Margaret E. Burton*.



## QUIZ

- What is one of the lovely things?  
 We cannot have too many—of what?  
 Who is a world citizen?  
 What is as interesting as a “stock market report”?  
 Where is the central theater of the great drama of war?  
 What organization had a Jubilee?  
 How has it grown?  
 What are the two sides of the shield?  
 How are Home Missions defined?  
 What happened to a “Melican Man”?  
 Five forces: what are they?  
 What proportion of our population is non-Christian?  
 How many kinds of home-making has Mrs. Frost?  
 How many boys? Who are they? Where? What do they do?? How many were baptized last year?  
 Who tells about the New Bhimpore?  
 What buildings are mentioned? How many boys in the school? What do the girls do?  
 Of what is Dr. Murphy proud?  
 Who made possible this heritage?  
 What is asked of faith-filled friends?  
 How is a Cradle Roll question answered?  
 In what historic church did our Corresponding Secretary speak?  
 What happened there? When?  
 Who can tell the stories about our HELPER? Auntie Bachelor? Miss Crawford?  
 Who sent a crisp ten dollar bill to the Brown Babies?  
 What is hope-inspiring?  
 Who can tell the sweet, sad story of the “Lotus Flower”?  
 Where is a happy family and why?  
 What is an indication of hard times?  
 Who is to take charge of industrial work in Balasore? What is his equipment?  
 What did Free Baptists do in a recent effort? The South Western Convention?  
 What is said about a “new job”? Ultimate object? True prayer?  
 For what are we organized?  
 What is the campaign suggested?  
 What is the New York of China?  
 After centuries of oppression—what?  
 Which auxiliary made the largest contribution in December?  
 What does our Lord demand?

(Answers may be found in the February HELPER.)



### WORDS OF APPRECIATION

DEAR MRS. WHITCOMB:—

We have coming to our house, perhaps thirty periodicals of different sorts, daily, weekly and monthly; but there are none which I read so fully as the *MISSIONARY HELPER*. That is the one periodical which links us to our own branch of the Baptist family. To me personally, its communications bring up so many pleasant memories for the main part, though sometimes sad memories, of bygone days. As I read I am again sitting in the homes of our native brethren or in council in the annual meeting of the missionaries, or strolling on the beach at Chandipore, listening to

the roar of the tide as it comes wave after wave over the long line of sands; or riding in my bullock cart over the road from Jellasore to Santipore, or giving out medicine to fever sufferers, or doling out rice to famine stricken Hindus. But why try to describe in detail the round of duties of the missionary?

Daily our prayer is that great grace and strength be given to those that are doing the work that many hands now silent have tried to do in the past.

Sincerely yours,

Z. F. GRIFFIN.

*Keuka Park, N. Y.*

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### PRIMARY SCHOOLS

(Supported by the F. B. W. M. S. in and near Balasore, India.)

I do not know who originated these schools, outside those for the Christian boys and girls. But I do know that Misses Ida and Nellie Phillips were in turn much interested in them, and that, when I first went to India, Miss Hattie Phillips, now Mrs. Stone, had them in charge. There were then, 22 years ago, several of them. All are for girls, except that little boys are allowed to come with their sisters to learn their letters.

No one here can realize the difficulties that had to be overcome in establishing these schools. At first it was absolutely necessary to pay the parents a small sum monthly to win their consent for their girls to attend the schools. And even then, they were kept at home or taken away entirely, on the most trivial excuses. But gradually this prejudice was overcome, and it became possible to run the schools without paying for the pupils to come.

Some time after I went to India, it became necessary to drop off some of these schools, and it was a tribute to the good that they had done, that in every case, I think, the parents and friends rallied to the need, and kept the schools going.

Three of these schools that had long been supported by the W. M. S. were in my care for a time before I left Balasore, early in 1914. They were those at Permit Ghat, Motsahi, and Sahaji Hat. The two first named were in the city, and the last about four miles away. There were other girls' primary schools, but these were all that remained of those supported by the W. M. S. I think that Miss Gowen has one about a mile outside the city now, and Miss Coe another.

Of the three named, Permit Ghat was the best. It had two Christian sisters as teachers. One of them had taken the teacher training course in Cuttack, and had the highest certificate obtainable. Her sister had studied less, and failed to pass the first examination, but was a good teacher. The first was a widow with four sons, and the other had a husband and family. This school was called an upper primary school, but it was almost impossible to get any girls who were allowed to stay long enough to prepare for the upper primary examination, which usually is for girls of twelve or thirteen years old, or a little older. Most of the girls are compelled to go to their husband's home before they are twelve, and that ends their course in school.

The school at Motsahi had a harder time, because the girls came from families that were not so well-to-do, and who cared less about education for their girls. Two Christian women taught here, too. And it should be noted that each school has a woman called a "dasi," that is, a servant, whose business it is to gather the girls in the morning, and bring them to school, and take them home when school is done. All girls' schools in our part of India have such a woman as a necessary part of the staff.

The teacher of the Sahaji Hat school was a man, who had been in the employ of the mission in this work for many years. He is a Hindu, but not of the bigoted kind, and we never knew that he said or did anything to disparage our work or teaching. We employed him because it was not possible for a Christian woman to go so far, and no one lived near the place.

Each of these schools has a grant-in-aid from Government, which pays a large part of the expenses. I do not know just how much is needed from the mission at present.

The benefit of these schools is that they give us opportunity to teach the catechism, and as much of the Bible as we have time for, to the girls in them. And often the workers on tour through the country come across women who have been pupils in these schools, and they are always friendly. And we have evidence that to many a lowly girl and woman, the lessons learned in these schools have made life's burdens easier, and given at least some of them a knowledge of Him who is the Savior of all men.

The primary school for Christian boys, with its building close by

our church in Balasore, was for many years assisted by the W. M. S., and was called the Russell Memorial school. This school had a Christian man at the head, and he was assisted by a Hindu who had been trained in our high school, when I left the country. There were a number of Hindu lads in it, with the Christians, and scriptural instruction was given daily. Most of the boys who finished the course there, entered the high school.

It is the rule to have Sunday School in every girls' school some time during the Sabbath, usually in the morning, or the middle of the day. Biblical teaching is usually given by the teachers, or by the missionary in charge, or both.

A little girl in the school at Bampada, two miles from Balasore, learned of Jesus in the school. Later on she was stricken with cholera, and was dying. Her mother was weeping over her but she bade her not to weep. "I am going to be with Jesus, who loves little girls," she said. Who would not rejoice to bring such hope as that to many of the sad-hearted little girls of India?

GEO. H. HAMLEN.

*142 Wood St., Lewiston, Maine.*

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### NOTES FROM AFAR

Dr. Mary Bachelor is again at Balasore, having spent several months in Santipore with Miss Butts, whom she left well and in good spirits. The missionaries were eagerly looking forward to the coming of Miss Coombs and Miss Barnes. . . . Miss Coombs wrote from Moji, Japan, December 7, "Through varied experiences we are so far on our journey. Two days late in Yokohama because of storms on the Pacific. Miss Barnes thrown across her cabin and a rib cracked. Ten days in hospital at Yokohama. Shall not get to India before Christmas. December 14. Nearing Hong Kong. A delightful visit in Kyoto at Dr. Ward's daughters'! Miss Barnes joined me there, much improved after her ten days in hospital. Dr. Dearing and his wife were very kind to her while she was there." (Dr. John Dearing, a Baptist missionary of more than twenty-five years experience). In a personal letter from the "dear home" of Mrs. Phelps, Miss Coombs wrote of her enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, interesting people and industries, and referred to the gala days in which they chanced to arrive: "This is a festive time in



Japan, for the young Emperor has recently been crowned (Nov. 10th), and the festivities and decorations have been far reaching and elaborate. The old Emperor had ruled about forty years, and Japan's awakening and advance had been during his reign. What will be the result of this man's reign remains to be seen. The Imperial Palace is here at Kyoto and has been considered too sacred for common eyes to look upon, but the young Emperor has given permission for the public to visit the grounds and view the dwelling place of the 'Son of Heaven'. The Emperor himself has gone to Tokyo, the capital of the Empire; but crowds and crowds are visiting the palace and park—long, orderly, quiet lines, four and five deep, reaching for miles through the grounds, out through the entrance gates into the streets. Dr. Ward, Miss Barnes, a visiting missionary, the two Phelps children and I, with a Japanese guide, started out to join the throng, but my democratic soul rebelled at the restrictions—just to look at the outside of a house!—so I came back to do some writing.”....

“Apropos of Japan's new emperor and Christianity,” says *The Missionary Herald*, “Dr. John C. Berry, formerly a member of the Japan Mission, tells an interesting story: When the present emperor was a young lad, he had a severe illness. Careful nursing being necessary, Hiroshima Hospital was desired to send one of its trained nurses to care for the young prince. A skillful and intelligent little woman was detailed for the case. Prince Yoshihito greatly appreciated the patience, gentleness, and poise of his nurse, and as he became convalescent used to study her thoughtfully. One day he said decidedly: ‘You are a Christian, aren't you? You act like one,’ and thereafter he used to refer to her as ‘my little Christian’.”.... You read in the January HELPER about the Santal village in which there were new converts. The chief of the village has accepted Christianity. Mr. Collett writes of this experience as one of the most interesting in his missionary work. “We are now preparing to organize a new church in the village and already several more are ready for baptism. I believe the whole village, and some from the nearby villages will soon become Christians because of the step taken by this one man.”.... Mr. Howard wrote for the Midnapore News Letter: “On our compound a fine seven-room brick house is being built for homeless Christian women. It is a one-storied, flat-roofed structure with an inner court about which the rooms are grouped. When its coat of cement is white-washed it will make an attractive addition to our mission buildings. It was greatly needed and will mean the saving of many women who otherwise would be in great danger. .... On November third, a little son, John Randolph, came to live at our house. He received a hearty welcome. Our native brethren say it is my duty now to make a big feast for

all the village. A white baby is quite a curiosity in the jungle." Congratulations! . . . Under the title of "Another Jewel Saved," Mrs. Burkholder writes, in the *Freewill Baptist News*, of one of her native teachers who has died. She was a slender little body and suffered greatly, but at the last had wonderful visions of heaven. "Oh, how beautiful!" she would exclaim. She gave directions as to what should be done with her things. "Last evening," continues Mrs. Burkholder, "Jasuda, the woman who cared for her, brought me three rupees (about one dollar) which was left of her month's allowance, and then handed me a tiny calico bag saying, 'This was Nitya's tithe bag; use the money for some good purpose.' Her allowance was \$2.00 a month. Of this she always left in my hands 8 cents as her share of church expenses. In the tiny bag I found 34 cents. One month, thinking she needed the whole of her allowance, I did not keep the 8 cents; but she sent it to me. Tell our people of the sacrifice and devotion. I need say no more. Another Jewel saved." . . . Do we half appreciate the beauty of spirit of these helpers of ours in India? Some time ago Miss Amy Porter wrote, "At a Mela we met a native worker, a Bengali. His face just glows with Christ-love. I shall never forget how he taught the little brown children to sing. Our own pastor, Natabor Singh, in Balasore, is one of the finest men I ever saw. He is at the head of a large church and all his people love and respect him. Missions would pay if only a few like him were saved to serve."

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### TREASURER'S NOTES

Maine's gifts form a generous share of the month's total and there are several individual givers, Storer and Barbados sharing with the India gifts. We like the expression,—"friends of the work," for it indicates a close and lasting interest. One would know by the designations for her salary that Miss Coombs is the state's missionary. And aren't we glad to think of her as again in India, for it surely was very strongly borne in upon us all, when she was at home this time, that her heart's interest is there and that her greatest joy is found in opportunity for service in that particular field. The same seems also true of all our missionaries.

A recent letter from Mrs. Burkholder says: "It is with fear and trembling that we think of dear Miss Coombs and Miss Barnes's coming. *We want them*, and only hope that their strength will be equal to the work they will expect to take up."

Again, referring to Seba's story: "It is to us most interesting and we watch it with thankful hearts. The spirit that Seba shows is so entirely different from anything in our work, that, while we are most thankful, we almost hold our breath for fear Seba will make a misstep. Thus far he says the Lord's hand is over him and he keeps his eyes fixed on Him. There surely will be other chapters to this interesting story."

Our attention is called to the residential crediting of the bequest of

the late Mrs. Maria E. Grover. No instruction being given, it was credited to the place from which the bequest was forwarded, while "Mrs. Grover was always a member of the *West Bowdoin Church*, a regular attendant, and a teacher in the S. S. until within two years of her death."

A friend tells this incident: Meeting Mrs. Grover, who was then past life's 70th milestone, one snowy Sunday morning, she asked,—“Why, Mrs. Grover, did you walk *this morning*?” The reply came, “Yes, and I was thinking as I was walking along that the Lord must have taken some one's talent for church going and given it to me, because my ability for walking holds so good for my age it seems that I must have some one's *unused talent*.”

It is very gratifying that Mrs. Hamlen's health is permitting her to share generously in the promoting and inspirational part of the home work. She reports a new auxiliary in Auburn which is assuming the support of one of the Balasore zenana teachers.

Individual, church, auxiliary, C. E., S. S., and Cradle Roll gifts for Kindergarten, zenana work, Industrial work at Storer, and support of children in S. O. represent the month's work of *Rhode Island*.

Miss Benedict's yearly gift for support of teacher in Merja Bazar School at Midnapore emphasizes the value and necessity of educational work (yes, and the higher educational work) if largest and most permanent results are to obtain in our India work.

*Michigan's* support this month is generous.

Huntley, *Minnesota*, Auxiliary sets a splendid example in its thus promptly met apportionment for 1916.

Speaking of her large Sinclair Orphanage family in a personal letter, Miss Coe says: “It is rather confining but most delightful to have so many children. It breaks my heart all to pieces to think of parting with them. Dr. Mary has now come to take over the charge, and glad as I am that my girls are to be in her capable, motherly hands, I am just plain jealous. Of course, I am looking forward to my home going with happiest eagerness,—have been through all the years here,—but the parting out here is dreadful. Before I go, I am to have a two months' vacation for travel, so I am going to try and see all the mission stations I have never visited.”

In Miss Fenner's generous giving of self by way of passing on the knowledge of events, and our work in India with its setting, as well as the Master's work at large, acquired during her recent trip around the world, we see far reaching results.

For us all the distance to India is continually shortening and we can hardly realize that we ourselves have not actually seen with our own eyes that which pen and word pictures have made *real* to us.

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

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## GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

The Publication Committee have been holding a meeting in my office this afternoon. I delayed writing my notes till after their meeting, hoping they might be able to tell me some new way that I could pass on to you of doing some great big things for our HELPER; but the consensus of opinion seemed to be that there was no chance immediately in sight for doing anything very stupendous.

They seemed to feel—as do I—that the way we have been doing is still the best way; that is, for us all to keep on doing all we can in every way we can, to increase interest in the HELPER, to enlarge the subscription list and to induce people to contribute to the Sustaining Fund.

Their ideal—like mine—would be a self-supporting publication if that were possible, but they recognize—as I have had to recognize—how difficult it is for a publication devoted to Christian or philanthropic work primarily, to live on its subscription list.

So what we want to work for is an endowment. This endowment would be the Sustaining Fund made big enough to be worthy its name, so it would be able to sustain the HELPER through any emergency that might arise on account of falling off of subscribers, failure to receive money when due, etc.

In the course of their conversation, two suggestions were made that I felt were worthy our trying to carry out.

One was to try to get Sunday Schools to subscribe for one or more copies of the HELPER for the use of the scholars in looking up mission topics and preparing mission programs. We heard of a class the other day that was in great distress to get some mission material. Not one had thought of the HELPER. When we suggested it, the teacher said she wished there were some such periodicals in the Sunday School library. She said it would be a great help in teaching missions.

The other suggestion was to try to get the HELPER into free reading rooms. If possible, get library committees to subscribe for it; if not, let some one who takes the HELPER make it her business to leave her copy in some library or other free reading room regularly in a regular place.

I intend to always keep HELPERS in my office, and we were told of subscribers who give theirs, after reading, to different reading rooms. Everything we can do to spread knowledge of the HELPER, helps it, and the causes it exists to help.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

# Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Study it in, pray it through, work it out."

## Topics for 1915-16

September—	Opening Meeting and Quiz Social.
October—	Along Old Mission Trails.
November—	Storer College.
December—	Beginnings in India.
January—	Social Christianity in India and Burma.
February—	Prayer and Praise.
March—	A Nation at School (China).
April—	Korea's United Church.
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Japan's Response to the Gospel.
July—	Missionary Field Day

### APRIL.—KOREA'S UNITED CHURCH.

*To what has the King called us?* As we look out upon a world of the hungry-hearted whom only the living Christ can satisfy, of the broken-hearted whom only the healing of his seamless dress can comfort, can we doubt to what He has called us? Can we do anything but echo his own words, "For their sakes I consecrate myself?" Has He not called us to fling our lives out to the uttermost parts of the earth in love that never faileth, prayer that never ceaseth, that His Kingdom may come and his will be done, on earth as it is in heaven?—*Margaret Burton, in Association Monthly.*

#### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

OPENING HYMN.—"My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

RESPONSIVE BIBLE READING.—Romans 12.

PRAYER.—Grant unto us, O Lord God, that we may love one another unfeignedly; for where love is, there art Thou; and he that loveth his brother is born of Thee, and dwelleth in Thee, and Thou in him. And where brethren do glorify Thee with one accord, there dost Thou pour out Thy blessing upon them. Love us, therefore, O Lord, and shed Thy love into our hearts, that we may love Thee, and our brethren in Thee and for Thee, as all children to Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

HELPER QUIZ.

SINGING.—"Dear Lord and Father of Mankind." (*Missionary Hymnal*, page 87.)

(Note.—The leader will emphasize the "Aim" of this chapter, as given on page 178 of text book. See the suggestion for a chart: "Korea, the Bible Studying Nation," in "How to Use," page 17. A few minutes may be well spent in familiarizing ourselves with the map of Korea and the position of the places mentioned in the lesson; also, in studying the pictures of Korean life. Among the

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post cards is one showing a typical street scene which includes women and children in their quaint costumes.)

#### KOREA'S STORY.

1. The True Mission of Korea.
2. The Beginning of Christianity. (a) Unpromising field. (b) Romantic opening. (c) Rapid growth.
3. Three Secrets Told (by three women). The secret of growth of the Korean Church in personal work, etc.; the secret of self support, etc.; the secret of their wonderful enthusiasm in Bible study.
4. The Church Tested.
5. A Fourfold Unity (by four women). Division of responsibility among the missions; Union of Medical work; Union in education; Federated action.
6. Christ's Unanswered Prayer.

Prayer of Probai, a Korean Christian (in costume, if possible), while the music of "I Love to Tell the Story" is softly played. (Page 72, "How to Use.")

Prayer for Korea and her people; for missionaries and native Christians.

This is a transition time in Korea. Japan, having taken over the control of the country, is working to press Koreans into Japanese mold. "We must pray that the minds of the administration may be more favorable toward Christianity, and that the missionaries and Christians may be given especial wisdom during this time of trial."

## Words from Home Workers

MICHIGAN.—Onsted Auxiliary, in reporting to the HELPER at this time, feels much depressed because of the recent loss of two old and faithful members, in the persons of Mrs. Henrietta Maxwell, who passed away January 20th, and following, on February 1st, God claimed Mrs. Julia Reed, so widely known as "Aunt Julia." These two venerable members were always loyal to the society work and the cause of Christ in every phase. It will be known by many who read this that Mrs. Reed was grandmother of our missionary to India, Miss Ruth Daniels, and for many years our State HELPER Agent. Paul's words in 2 Tim. 4:7 are truly applicable to the lives of these two faithful members.

In the Father's loving care we leave them,  
Evermore with him to dwell.  
For we know God in His mercy  
Always doeth all things well.

(MRS.) EVA BLUM, Sec.

# Practical Christian Living

We are not called to be pools of privilege, but channels of blessing.—*Helen Barrett Montgomery.*

"Cups of cold water," simple ministries of refreshment, the love-thought, the love-prayer, the love-word—these are the privileged services of all of us.—*Dr. Jowett.*

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## OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

### UNTO ME.

By BELLE B. CLOKEY.

If to the hungry thou hast given bread,  
And to the sick hast words of kindness said,  
And into peace hast wandering footsteps  
Hear Jesus say, "Ye did it unto me."

If Christ-like pity thou hast never known,  
And to the needy hast no kindness shown,  
But through the years hast lived for self alone,  
Hear Jesus say, "Ye did it not to me."

If to a race from slavery set free  
Thou grantest not the greater liberty  
Of peace with God, through all eternity,  
Hear Jesus say, "Ye did it not to me."

Dear Jesus, help me from the heart to say,  
When duty calls to service, day by day,  
As I, with loyal heart the call obey,  
"My blessed Lord, I do it unto Thee."

—*Home Mission Monthly.*

### BE KIND

Kindness is one of the essential marks of a genuine Christian. A religion that does not produce a spirit of this character is sadly deficient. There are few things that will discount a person's claim as a follower of Christ more effectually than to speak and act in an unkind manner. Of the model woman, as described in the last chapter of Proverbs, it is stated, "And in her tongue is the law of kindness." Paul wrote: "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." He also exhorted the Colossians to "put on kindness." It is becoming to those who claim Christ as their Savior that they exercise extreme kindness to all with whom they come in contact. Christ was kind and always kind. No rough, harsh, sarcastic word ever escaped his lips. It is true he said some strong words in condemnation of the Scribes and Pharisees, but it is safe to assume that in

all his severest denunciations there was the kindly spirit accompanying his words. He never purposely wounded a person. He suffered unjustly but he bore it meekly. "When reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." Over seven hundred years before his birth the Prophet Isaiah caught a vision of his lovely character and declared of him, "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

What a lovely example of meekness and humility and kindness he gave us while walking through this sin-cursed earth. Our constant aim should be to reproduce the lovely character of Christ in our lives as far as it is possible to do so while living in the flesh. Great harm is done the cause of God, and people are wounded often, by the unkind spirit and hasty word. We shall never regret being kind to every one and we shall always regret having been unkind. The following from Faber is excellent:

"Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning; and these three never converted anyone unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.  
—Selected.

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NOTES.—For this family page of home workers we solicit crisp news-notes. What special work are you doing just now? Tell us *in a few words*. . . . Mrs. Stillman, an always faithful member of our Thank Offering committee, writes, "I wonder how many of our auxiliaries use the mite boxes. It is the ideal way, surely. Would it be well to call especial attention to these?" Indeed it would! Won't you give out as many mite boxes as the women of your parish will take and use, whether auxiliary members or not? Mrs. Chapman will send you all you need for postage, 3 cents a dozen. And here is a suggestion from another worker, "Never before have I been where there is no F. B. W. M. S. and how I miss all those associations! I very much wish that our sisters who are scattered here and there over this country, with no society privileges, could have our Thank You Box. I know they would be so grateful for it." The dear little thank offering box is, indeed, a vital connecting link between us and the beloved work, wherever we may be.



# Juniors



## THE NIGHT WIND.

(A Child's Thought.)

By FRANCES C. HAMLET.

The wind is crooning o'er the waves  
A low sweet lullaby.  
Why *can* I never understand,—  
Tho very hard I try,—  
Just what it always says to me,  
That wind-voice, calling from the sea?

I hear it every single night  
When I am tucked in bed,  
A brooding, soothing note that drifts  
Like gray clouds overhead.  
What is it always telling me,  
My wind-friend that I never see?

*Ocean Park, Maine.*

Perhaps it bids me say my prayers,  
And softly cuddle down  
To sleep until the morning dawns  
Upon our seaside town.  
Perhaps it says "Good-night, good-night,  
God keep you safe till morning light."

I like to think that's what it says,  
The wind-song that I hear;  
It seems to shut the darkness out,  
And brings God very near.  
So when I hear that wind-voice light,  
I answer low "Dear Wind, good-night!"

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## "A PROFESSIONAL YARD CLEANER"

When Dick came home from the Sunbeam Band one bright Sunday afternoon, he was "grumpy," as his sister Marie expressed it.

His face was all twisted up into a frown instead of a smile, and he looked anything but a sunbeam.

"Why, dear me, what's the matter with Dick?" his mother exclaimed when she saw him.

"Matter enough! Just look what Miss Nora gave us to put our money in," said Dick, showing her a tiny United States mail box to drop stray pennies in. "And where are any pennies to come from, I'd like to know; I'm in school all day, and then I can't do anything like *girls* can—sell candy and stuff like that. I'll just drop out of the Sunbeam Band, that's all."

Mama looked serious, for indeed Dick *had* tried to earn extra pennies and had found it hard. There seemed few things for a boy of his age to do. And yet it would never do for him to leave the Sunbeam Band. What grief it would cause Miss Nora, who was so patient and kind.

"I have one little job I would like done, but it isn't one *you* like to do," his mother said at last. "My back yard needs a general cleaning. Will you clean it for me?"

Now if there was anything that Dick hated to do, it was to clean a yard. Nothing seemed so tiresome as to go about raking up piles of trash and picking up pieces of paper.

He was about to say that he didn't think he would have time for a job of that kind, when something Miss Nora had said that afternoon came to him.

"You may not find a *pleasant* way every time to earn the money for missions. But you should do it all the same."

"I'll do it, mother," Dick said, hastily; as if he were afraid he would change his mind.

"Why not be a professional yard cleaner, making a sort of business of it on Saturdays; hang up a sign to let people know you are willing to do that sort of work?" suggested his mother.

Now Dick liked this. He liked business-like ways, and the idea of a sign reading, "Dick Ellis, Professional Yard Cleaner," pleased him. He would get it up in his best style, and he had a little wagon that would make the work easier.

By the next Saturday the sign hung bravely on the side of the yard and many passers-by stopped to read and smiled as they went on.

"I thought Dick was too much of a dandy to clean anyone's yard, even his mother's," one neighbor said. "I'll call him to put mine to rights next week."

And she did, and so did several others. In fact, Dick had to employ a helper very soon; it seemed that yard cleaning was not a popular occupation by any means.

Dick looked very important with his overalls on and his tools flung over his shoulder. He found time to do little jobs now and then after school, and the outdoor air was good for him—much better than sitting about the fire reading a book, as he had done so many afternoons.

And how interested he became each week in counting up his savings! He had never before realized how pennies soon make dimes and that work of any kind if well done is pleasant.

The whole street on which he lived took on a different appearance. Tin cans were rarely seen in the back yard and house-keepers began to plan for more vines and flowers when springtime came, since Dick promised to put the flower beds in order.

"How did we ever get along in our town without a 'professional yard cleaner'?" one lady said to him one day; "every town needs one."

And Dick was pleased, for he had solved the problem of earning all his mission money, and learned that to be busy in useful employment is to be happy and contented, whatever the work may be.—*Little Christian*.

# Contributions

## F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for January, 1916

### MAINE

Bradford F B Church, Mrs F M Holt for work Barbados, W I . . . . .	\$ 2 50
Canton Aux, Miss Coomb's sal'y . . . . .	3 00
Cumberland Conf Aux, Miss Coombs' sal'y . . . . .	5 00
Dover & Foxcroft C R . . . . .	1 85
Eustis, Mr F L Porter, wife and son, friends of the work, for Mrs Holder's sal'y . . . . .	10 95
Lisbon S S, Miss Barnes' sal'y . . . . .	4 00
Litchfield Plains, Miss Coombs \$8; Miss Sims, H F, 8.00 . . . . .	16 00
Portland Aux, Miss Sawyer's S S class for Hemma 6.25; Miss Coombs 15.00; Storer 8.55 . . . . .	29 80
W Paris Aux, A L B for Brown Babies, India . . . . .	3 00
W Bowdoin, Mrs A Purinton for Nirparti W Lebanon Aux, Dearborn Inc for F M Woodfords, Lizzie M Cornish for Barbados . . . . .	5 00
York Co Conf Aux, for Missions . . . . .	5 00

### MASSACHUSETTS

Friend, Sus Fd "Helper" . . . . .	1 00
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### RHODE ISLAND

Greenville C E Soc for Zen teacher . . . . .	6 25
Georgiaville Aux for K W . . . . .	9 00
Pascoag F B C E Soc for S O . . . . .	10 00
Providence, Rog Wms Aux, K W . . . . .	20 00
Do do, Ind . . . . .	6 00
Miss Julia Weld, K W . . . . .	4 00
Miss M A L Easton for "Bipini" S O . . . . .	6 25
Taunton Aux, K W . . . . .	4 00
Tiverton F B Stone Ch for K W . . . . .	3 00
Do for "Betty" S O . . . . .	6 25

### WEST VIRGINIA

Harper's Ferry for Teacher, Ruth Mukhaji, Midnapore . . . . .	25 00
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### MICHIGAN

Bankers Aux, Storer 1.90; Miss Daniels 3.85 . . . . .	5 75
Battle Creek, Mrs H P Stone, Dr B 31.10; Storer 4.00 . . . . .	35 00
Fairfield Aux, Miss Daniels . . . . .	5 55
Hillsdale Aux, Miss Daniels . . . . .	35 00
Jackson S S, Pri Dpt, Dr B 1.00; Brown Babies 2.00; Miss Daniels 1.00; Miss Barnes 4.00 . . . . .	8 00
North Rome Aux, Storer 75c; Miss Daniels 1.50 . . . . .	2 25
Onsted Aux, Miss Daniels . . . . .	9 65
Osseo Aid, Storer 6.09; Miss Daniels 7.32 . . . . .	13 41
Pittsford Aux, Storer 2.40; Miss D 6.60 . . . . .	9 00
Reading Aux, Storer 8c; Miss D 1.20 . . . . .	2 00
Sparta S S Prim Dpt for Miss Barnes . . . . .	4 00
Stacy Cole Ind, pledge Miss Daniels . . . . .	4 00
Temperance, Miss Daniels . . . . .	9 75
W Cambria, Storer 1.20; Miss Daniels 12.30 . . . . .	13 50

### MINNESOTA

Huntley W M S (bal appor 1916) F M . . . . .	72 73
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### MISCELLANEOUS

Income for Gen'l Work . . . . .	1 96
Hanson Sch Bal . . . . .	5 00
Porter Mem'l . . . . .	25 00
Storer College . . . . .	1 25
1 Copy Missionary Reminiscences . . . . .	1 00

Total Receipts for January 1916 . . . \$463 42

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Per May Malvern, Assistant Treasurer

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of—to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.



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